

The Standard-Examiner Sunday Feature Section

The Guilty Bride and Her Tattooed Back

How Her Husband Discovered the Accusing Picture Which the Apache Lover Had Burned Into Her Flesh, and How Their Happiness Was Finally Saved



"The guilty bride heard the door swing open and saw in the mirror the reflection of her husband advancing toward her. Her face went white and a pitiful little cry escaped her lips as she realized that her secret was discovered—that he saw on her tattooed back the story of her shameful past!"

PARIS, November 25. DR. A. HONORE, a well known Paris physician, had the ability to write novels and plays he might easily become more famous and successful in literature than he is in medical science. A year or so ago the doctor discovered a remarkable new method of removing tattoo marks. It is quick and absolutely painless and leaves the skin as fresh, clear and unscarred as it was before being pricked by the tattooing needle. Since the doctor's discovery was made known he has been overwhelmed with men and women patients seeking his aid in the removal of tattoo marks which have resisted all other methods. And in the reasons for the existence of these tattooed designs and for their owners' anxiety to be rid of them there are being continually revealed to Dr. Honore many dramas of real life as poignant, as thrilling, as unusual as any of the imaginary ones of the novelists or playwrights. Perhaps the most amazing of the tangled webs of circumstance which have been happily unraveled through Dr. Honore's scientific skill is that in which the beautiful young wife of a wealthy Parisian business man recently found herself caught—caught, as she believed, beyond all hope of rescue. It would be cruel to reveal the identity of this guilty bride, and so the name given her here and the names given her Apache lover and the husband who loved enough to forgive are fictitious. Josee Lorel was a child of the Paris streets—the daughter of a drunken father and a well-meaning but weak-willed mother. The mother died when the girl was barely fourteen years old and a few months later the father was sent to prison. The four younger children went to orphan asylums. Little Josee, with only her wonderful beauty and vigorous health for a heritage, was cast adrift on the streets. Her youth and good looks stirred the voracious interest of a notorious desperado, known in the underworld as Jack the Giant Killer. He was the leader of one of the most dreaded of the gangs of Apaches—what in America you call gunmen—that infest Paris. Josee fascinated him as no other girl ever had. He took her into his dingy apartment house, made her his slave, initiated her into all the dissipated, vicious crimes of underworld life. The girl soon became a familiar and much admired figure in the disreputable resorts where the Apaches gather to celebrate their triumphs over the police and plan other crimes. She was too young, too innocent of the world to realize the shame of the life into which she was dragged. And even if she had, perhaps she would not have

rebelled, out of gratitude for having been saved from starvation. As Josee's beauty flowered into young womanhood the fascination she held for her Apache master deepened. He was madly jealous of her smiles and kisses. Then came the war and Jack the Giant Killer was summoned to the colors. After a week of wild dissipation he led Josee, on the morning he was to join his regiment, to the shop of an East Indian tattooer. "Mark that girl," he commanded the tattooer, "so that if I am killed the world will always know that for two years she was mine." The tattooer obeyed with enthusiasm when offered twice his usual fee. He plunged his needles cruelly deep into the girl's flesh, etching on her back in all the most brilliant hues the desired symbol of her shameful bondage—a portrait of her in the Apache's arms. Six months later Jack the Giant Killer was dead—blown to pieces by a shell while fighting the Germans as fearlessly as he had fought the police. And then a miracle happened. Josee was suddenly filled with revulsion for the life she was leading and through the fortunate aid of a settlement worker she turned her back on it forever. She obtained a position in a great millinery shop. She had natural aptitude for the work and by the time the war was over she was earning a large salary as a designer. In her spare time she had acquired a good education and no one who saw this refined, fashionably gowned and very beautiful young woman would have guessed that she had been an Apache's love slave. Late in 1918 she met Maurice Chavigny, wealthy young partner in an East-vigyn importing firm. They fell in love almost at first sight, but when he asked her to be his wife the moment that should have been so blissful was made-see of exquisite torture for her by thought of her tattooed back. She said



On the left, a young woman whose body until a few weeks ago was almost completely covered with tattooed designs. Above, the same woman with more than half the designs removed, and with Dr. Honore applying to the rest his painless new methods of eradication

no because she felt she could never endure the humiliation of having the man she loved see that dreadful brand and learn how truly it symbolized her past. She had made repeated efforts to have this hateful tattooing removed but the cosmetic surgeons all told her that the needles had gone too deep for the marks to be removed. But Maurice Chavigny would not take no for an answer. Finally his pleas became irresistible and Josee Lorel promised to marry him. She prayed to heaven as she did so to be shown some way of keeping her guilty secret from him. If he ever found it out she was determined to kill herself. The Chavignys, their honeymoon over, settled down to live in a fashionable section of Paris. But all her husband's devotion, all the luxury he lavished on her could not make her completely happy.



Mlle. Lotty, the Parisian movie star, owner of the most beautiful back in all France and one which has never been disfigured, as poor Mme. Chavigny's was, by the tattooing needle



The tattooed portrait of a sweetheart of a French naval officer's cadet days which Dr. Honore removed before his marriage to a fashionable heiress

She lived in continual dread of his discovering the awful truth that was blazoned on her back. She excused herself from wearing low-cut evening gowns on grounds of modesty, but even this ruse did not bring her much peace of mind. To her overwrought imagination it seemed as if the vivid colors of the tattoo marks must be always visible. One morning several days before the date set for M. Chavigny's return from a long business trip she was seated at her dressing table. Her negligee had slipped down over one shoulder and, thinking herself safe from any intrusion, she had neglected replacing it. Suddenly, without any warning knock, she heard the door swing open and saw in the mirror the reflection of her husband advancing toward her. The guilty bride's face went white and a pitiful little cry escaped her lips as she realized that her secret was discovered—that he saw on her tattooed back the story of her shameful past! She reached for her revolver, but be-

fore she could pull the trigger her husband had wrested it from her. She collapsed in a faint. Brain fever followed and for days her life was despaired of. When at last she began to recover she sobbed out the whole tragic story to her husband. To her amazement and delight, he was filled only with forgiveness, tender sympathy and still greater love. But he was as eager as she to rid her body of this cruel reminder of her past. M. Chavigny chanced to hear of Dr. Honore's discovery which was just then being perfected. He took his wife to see the physician and within five weeks her back was without a blemish. Even with the hateful tattoo marks wiped out the Chavignys felt they would be happier away from Paris, with its painful memories. So they set sail for the South Seas, where M. Chavigny has business interests to start life anew. By Dr. Honore's method only a few inches of the tattoo marks are removed at a time. First the spot is thoroughly cleansed and bandaged on each side, to curb the blood pressure. The area is blistered and a half-hour later the outer skin removed with a knife. Then he applies a coal-black solution, prepared according to his secret formula, and covers it with a bandage. The solution absorbs the ink, and when, after three

weeks, the bandage is removed, the skin is perfectly healed and without a mark. Many of Dr. Honore's patients are so enthusiastic about his treatment that they are glad to have him give their cases publicity in order that other sufferers may benefit by his skill. One such is a young woman who was formerly of the underworld, but is now reformed and soon to marry a reputable merchant. Another is a French naval officer, who had the tattooed portrait of a sweetheart of his cadet days removed from his chest before his marriage to a Parisian heiress. But the doctor, like every other good physician, is jealous of his patients' secrets unless they wish him to reveal them. The facts concerning the guilty bride came from friends of hers.